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A

Looking-Glass

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S M O A K E R S :

O R,

The Danger of the Needless or In-
temperate Use of T O B A C C O.

Collected from the Author's Nine Years Ex-
perience, and Thirty Years Observation,
after he came to Manhood.

in which the lawful Use of it is approved, the
Abuse of it reproved; Directions to them that
have a mind to leave it, and Cautions to those
that never took it.

A P O E M.

By LAW. SPOONER.

L O N D O N,

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THE
E P I S T L E
TO THE
R E A D E R.

Christian Reader,

WHEN I first took my Pen in hand to write on this Subject, I suppose I no more thought of writing a Treatise for the Publick, than thy self, whoever thou art: nor had I wrote (as I remember) so much as six Lines in Verse in six Years before. But so it was, when I was deliver'd from the Judgment of *Tobacco*, I looked back on my own Mercies, and rejoiced exceedingly; but fearing an Hour of Temptation might again over-take me, I was minded for prevention to write a little (as half a Sheet, or so) thinking it might be innocent Diversion, pleasure my Children, or perhaps

some intimate Friends. But when I was lanch'd out in contemplation on this Subject, I was as if I had put to Sea in a foggy Day, without Needle or Compass, or any thing to steer by : So I went on slowly a while, not making it Business, but a Recreation ; and a little Light I had to keep off Rocks. And when my Fancy or Invention would have hanged too long upon a Particular, I had the Rein so far as to stop, or take it off at pleasure. But finding my Mind as it were ty'd to it, and that I went on with delight, I loos'd the Rein, and resolv'd to let it run whither it would, till I at last scribled over what you see ; and when I had done, I shew'd it to some particular Friends, and they (as it were) with one Voice and Consent encourag'd me to prepare it for the Press, thinking it might be useful to the Publick. But as to that I had Rubs in my way ; as first, I know it is not exactly methodiz'd, according to the curious Wits of our Time, and that probably they'l find fault with. And secondly, tho it may be Measure, yet it is not fine Poesy. And 3dly, if it had both the aforesaid Accomplishments, yet my Discourse carrys Contention with the greatest part of the Kingdom ; and therefore I might reasonably expect, that Ignorance, Self-Love, Interest and Envy, would sling hard at me, and that I had nothing but naked Truth to defend me against their Aspersions.

However, methought I had something to say to all their Objections : As first, for the indiffe-
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rent methodizing, I consider all States, Degrees and Circumstances of Persons, are in this case so blended together, 'tis almost impossible to keep them (much more than I have done) at a methodical distance.

And secondly, that my Poesy is not smooth and fine; I ingenuously confess, and know also, as I did not at first design it for the Publick, so neither could I mend it with any reasonable quantity of Labour: For Poesy, of all things, if broke to pieces, is hardest to piece together; and therefore I will say with Mr. *Baxter* in his Epistle to his excellent Poem, who speaks to this effect: "It has always been, saith he, my Opinion, that a Painter, a Poet, and a Musician, " if they be not excellent, are contemptible; " and that I am not so, I am satisfied. However, an ordinary Fidler will serve at a Country Wedding, and the greatest part of People " are men of ordinary Abilities.

Now as this is my Opinion, so also shall it be my Apology, and I'll further add this: Those that shall slight this Poem for want of Wit (had it indeed had more) would have had more wit than to mend their Manners for me.

As to the third Objection, of the odds that lie against me on the account of the Footing this Practice hath gained in the Kingdom, I would let the Reader know, I did not expect much regard at first when I wrote it; but since I have communicated it to a few, it hath been

blefs'd to the curing of divers antient Smoakers, and the mending of more: So that I am persuaded the good and sober part of the Kingdom will afford it a good or moderate Acceptation (for the sake of their Children and Friends) altho it should oppose their own Practice. And some may perhaps take something less; and such as have not yet began, may thro me be somewhat fearful to venture on it, and more able to resist a smoaking Temptation.

But that our poorer sort of People should be no more quick-sighted than to suffer the Mischiefe it brings upon them, is a kind of Wonder in the World: For I am persuaded I could fix my self in a Place in our Parts, that in two Miles compass may be found a thousand Familys or Persons (in Country Villages) that one with another do Smoak, Snuff or Chaw the Year round, one Penny a day, and most of these Coal or Lymen, Firemen, &c.

Now of this I had the Opinion of an intelligent Person that dwells within that Line, and he told me he thought half that compass would do it; but because I would by no means over-bear them, we'll put it two Miles, as before. Now this amounts to more than one Thousand five Hundred and twenty Pounds a Year. But because this seems almost incredible, I will give a little demonstration of it.

As first, take notice there is in a Year three Hundred sixty and five Days; and so many Pennys

Pennys for one Man or Family amount to one Pound, ten Shillings, and five Pence. Now if one be so much, a thousand Persons or Familys must be a thousand times as much, viz. a Thousand Pounds, a thousand times ten Shillings, and a thousand times five Pence, which is plainly fifteen hundred and twenty Pounds a Year: The odd being twenty Pounds, which ariseth from each Man's five Pence (as aforesaid) of which perhaps the Reader will give me credit, because there can be no Mistake in the other.

Now since this is so plain a Case, and ariseth to so prodigious a Sum, what if we should prevail with these Smoakers to lay this vain Expence by for twenty Years, what think you would it amount to? Why just to twenty times as much, which would be thirty Thousand four hundred Pounds. Which I thus demonstrate: If one Pound at Interest bring every Year a Shilling, in twenty Years it brings twenty Shillings, which is just as much as the first Stock. Now if one Pound (I say) does so much, a thousand Pounds do a thousand times as much, and five hundred Pounds do five hundred times as much, and so of any lesser Sum.

But there's a better way of improvement than this of letting the Interest lie twenty Years together; for if it was took up yearly, and set to Interest (or improv'd as thriftily) it wou'd amount to more than six hundred Pounds, which being added to the other Sum, is more than one
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and thirty thousand Pounds, to divide amongst the Smoakers and their Heirs for ever. By which the World may see what Mischief this *Land-Robber* doth amongst them.

Thus I have set my Countrymen in a way to be thrifty, and consequently rich, by letting them understand what great Effects arise from small Causes, and from good or evil Habits what wonderful Loss or Gain. To which I'll add thus much: If so much Monys be expended in so small a compass (which might be sav'd to such good Purposes) what think you is there spent in the great Cities and Market-Towns? Nay what in the whole Kingdom, is enough one would think to make the Poor mad, and almost resolve never to touch it more.

'Tis further to be observ'd, that tho this Practice is too much to be seen every where, yet mark it, and you shall find it most of all in sinking and decaying Familys, or the poorer sort of People, who agree as it were to fill the Merchants, Tobacconists, the Mercers, the Ale-Wives, and other inferior Tradesmens Pockets, altho so much (as you have, and will after hear) to the mischief and decay of their Familys.

But these Tradesmen before-mention'd (together with them that are resolv'd not to leave it off) may reply, that the Trade of the Kingdom is much increas'd by it, and the Revenues of the Crown augmented; and that the Plantations would be undone, if it were not for this.

To

To all which I reply, If they mean their own Trade, I confess 'tis true; or if they mean the dreadful Trade of Sin, 'tis true also: That is, I believe (to the most part of People) 'tis one of the greatest Judgments that hath fallen on the World in these latter Ages, inflaming and inraging the Nature of Mortals so, that besides the mere Expence, the Sin of the Kingdom in the intemperate Use of Tobacco, swelleth and increaseth so daily, that I can compare it to nothing but the Waters of *Noah*, that swell'd fifteen Cubits above the highest Mountains, *Gen. 7. 20.* So that if this Practice shall continue to increase, as it doth, an Age or two, it will be as hard to find a Family free, as it was so long time since one that commonly took it.

But as to the Queen's Revenues, I would ask a wise and sober Person, whether he can in reason think that can make the Head of the Body Politick happy, that wounds and disorders the greatest part of the Members? For 'tis evident the poor and middle sort of People (not to regard common Beggars) are far the greater number, and consequently take most. Now if what is vainly burnt every day amongst these, was divided betwixt her Majesty and them, I believe they would be both richer, and far happier. More plainly thus: There would not be so much cause to complain of Taxes; for they would be more able

able to pay 'em, if they were greater : Nor would there be in hard times such Lamentation in our Streets, for want of Bread ; for the Poor (if they husbanded it well) would have abundance of Mony that now is foolishly expended. Nor would the Poor increase so fast, nor the middle sort of People be so oppress'd in maintaining them ; for the Poor burn away a considerable part of their Incomes, and then the Law compels the other (in chief) to maintain them. So that the Harm (if there be any) cannot be supposed to light upon the Queen, or Commonalty, but upon the Merchants and Tradesmen, that are already grown so rich and fat thereby. But as to that of the Plantations, I take it to be a mere Quibble ; for I think no Smoker is so charitable, as to take a Pipe more for their sakes. And further, I believe the All-wise and Powerful God knows how to provide for his Creatures, without the sinful and intemperate Use of *Tobacco*, as he did before this was found out.

But above all, that this Practice should over-grow all the Powers of Reason, Religion and Experience, amongst most part of the Godly, is yet more to be admired : That a thing should grow to that height in their Affections (that is not naturally pleasant) is a wonder : That they should suffer such an unnatural Fire to be kindled in their Nature, that proves in the event to be such a world
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of Iniquity, and puts them in such a ferment and disorder; may make us cry out with the Prophet *Jeremiah*, chap. 2. 12. *Be astonish'd, O ye Heavens, at this! be ye horribly afraid, be ye very desolate, saith the Lord of Hosts!*

To awaken my Countrymen to the consideration of these and such like things, and to take down its heights, is the design of this Treatise; and that I may attain my end, I have endeavour'd to accommodate it to every Reader; and for that I expect the Censure of most, some accounting me too light and airy, others too satyrical and bitter. But for this I shall make no Excuse, because I have apologiz'd for it at the end of my Poem.

But however, I hope the Reader shall not see I spare my self, but take share of the blame with my Brethren: and therefore altho by the Grace of God I have left it; yet I may say, as *Romans* 3d and the 9th, *Are we better than they?* No, in no wise. And therefore I do profess, I do not think my self better than those I reprehend, I mean on the account of my towardliness in complying with Convictions. But if there be any thing in that or other respects, I will say as *1 Cor.* 15. 10. *By the Grace of God I am what I am:* For I know whither Nature would have brought me, if it had had the Rein.

For first I took it intemperately two Years, when I first came to Manhood; then I left it
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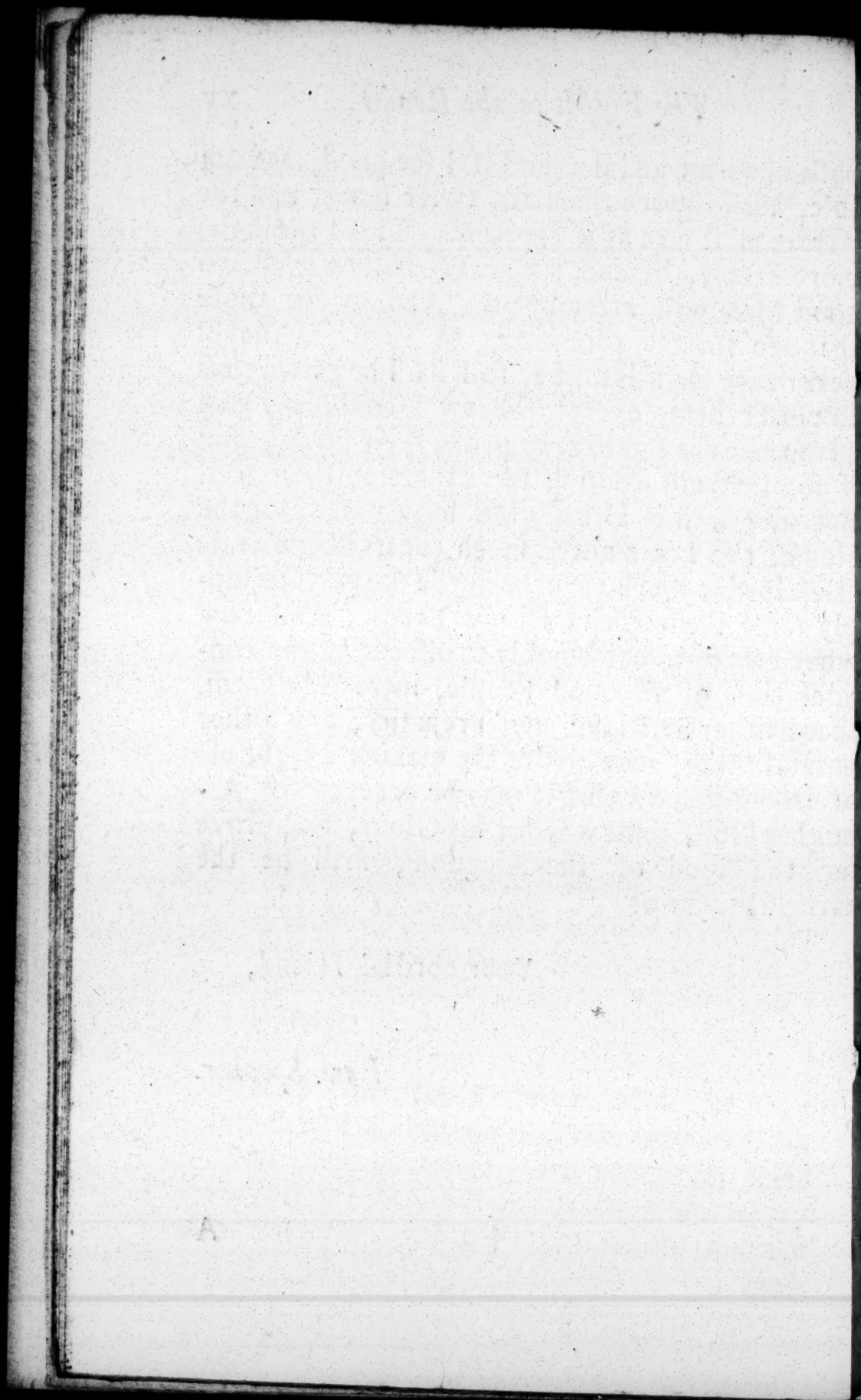
about twenty Years; after that I took it last of all about seven Years, and the five last very shamefully: now put all this together, and where is boasting? But it being thus, I hope the impartial Reader will take the more notice of what I say, since the things I write are not so much Speculation, as Experience. Nor have I wrote after any man's Copy, for to my remembrance I never saw so much as a Page (except in commendation of it:) But there is, I understand, *Sylveſter* upon *Du Bartas*, who hath treated something about it, as also a Merchant in *London*; but I never saw either of them: However, I would have the Reader enquire for them, that in the mouth of two or three Witnesses the mischief of *Tobacco* may be displayed.

And now to draw to a Conclusion, I am told I must expect the Tradesmen that gain so much by *Tobacco*, will never let this pass without stirring up some able Wit to scourge my harmless Poem. To which I reply, I wish it may prove worth their envy, and then I hope it will be serviceable to the Commonwealth: and if so, I care not who shall satyrize upon it; for what I pray will they answer, since I approve the lawful use of it? Will not that serve their turns? Would they have the Kingdom weaken'd, and the poorer sort of People undone, and the Sin of Intemperance increase, and all to fill their Pockets? If so, let my Poem be the Anvil to try their Wits upon, and let them throw disgrace
both

both upon me and it ; and if I see good, as I am able, I'll disgrace this Folly twice more, and the Actors must fare as it happens. This I speak the more freely, because I dare say before-hand, no good Man will attempt it. And as for those that are for the promoting of Vice, as they'll never care for this or me, so I shall be as careless to please them, except I knew I could any way advantage the Publick, or profit their Souls ; and if so, I would stoop to serve them at their feet. But my Porch is already full big enough for the House, tho I care not so much for its Shape as its Usefulness ; and I have been the larger, to supply some Deficiencies in my Poem. And now what remains, but humbly to offer it to the consideration of all good People, intreating them, that neither Self-love, nor Prejudice, any other hurtful thing, may hinder the making a right use of it. And now that it may be accepted of Almighty God, some way for his Glory, and prove for the Good of the Kingdom, shall be the earnest Prayer of

Your cordial Friend,

Law. Spooner.



A
Looking-Glass
FOR
SMOAKERS, &c.

W H E N at the first I step'd upon the
Stage
Of this vain World, at twenty
Years of Age,

I took a look, and turn'd me round about,
To view the best Content I could find out.
I saw what Earth, and Air, and Rivers yield ;
I view'd the fruitful Garden, Orchard, Field ;
I saw the Daintys fetch'd beyond the Seas,
To please our Palates, and to cure Disease :
And in a word, methought there nothing was
Scarce wanting to compleat our Happiness.
Amongst the rest I saw an *Indian* Weed,
Above all Herbs on Earth admir'd indeed ;

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Of low Descent, yet raised now so high,
That it doth claim a kind of Empery
O'er all the Christian World: Kings court the same.
Nay mighty *Nimrod*, or the *Cæsars* Fame,
Ne'er gain'd so many Subjects, nor did prove
To compass here such universal Love:
For such rare Vertues are in it, they say,
And 'tis so much in fashion at this day,
That scarce he's thought to be a well-bred Man,
Except he *snuff*, or *chaw*, or *smoke* it can.

Well then, thought I, if Honour it attend,
And if to Health and Pleasure 'tis a Friend,
I'll be as wise, as rich and poor Men are,
And in this Earthly Bliss I'll take my share.
And so I quickly Preparation made
For all things that belong unto the Trade,
And set to work, as others use to do,
In hopes Delight and Pleasure would ensue:
But no such thing, for sick I soon became,
And Nature loathed and abhor'd the same
So very much, that I believe but few
More Sickneſs and more Sorrow ever knew,
Than I my self sustain'd, before I had
Obtained to be Master of my Trade.

Well,

me. Well, this is bad ; but yet 'tis not the worst,
Because *Tobacco* seem'd to me accurst,
By tempting me those Pleasures for to try
That most delighted that Society,
As merry Meetings used to excess
In Drinking, wasting Time, and Idleness,
With many more that I intend to name,
Both to my own and other Peoples shame :
But now I'll pass it by, and let you know
How I got Freedom from that deadly Foe.

And thus it was: A mighty Gale of Grace
Did seize upon and stop me in my Race,
And did discover unto me the Sin
That I in this and other things liv'd in.
Deep were my Mournings then for my Excess
In *Drinking, Smoaking, and in Sinfulness* :
Great were my Sorrows, many were my Fears,
That I forsook *Tobacco* twenty Years,
Or thereabout ; and happy did I think
My self, that I from Snares of *Smoak and Drink*
Did find a blest Release ; since I may say
With shame, I have perhaps smoak'd in a day
Nigh *twenty Pipes*. O wondrous base Excess !
Attended, as I said, with Idleness

Well,

And other vain Delights. And who I pray
Could once have thought to live to see the Day
When I again with it should snared be,
When I so long had been by Grace set free?

But O how frail are we, when off our watch !
How oft doth Heart betray, and *Satan* catch
Our careless Souls, and lead us quite away
Amongst the multitude that go astray !
And thither I had gone from bad to worse,
But that rich Grace did stop me in my Course
A second time, when I was going on
A way by which my Soul had been undone.

I therefore now in plainness mean to tell
How Grace restor'd me, and by what I fell.
And thus it was : It pleas'd my Gracious God
Upon my Family to lay his Rod,
And I my self at last fell dangerous ill
Of that Distemper which was like to kill
Me in a little time ; and of my Life
My Friends, my Neighbours, and my dearest Wife
Had very little hopes : But it was so,
God spar'd my Life, and brought me back unto
A Converse with the Living. But still I
Felt the remainders of that Illness lie

Within my feeble Body, which did make
Some for to tell me, if that I would take
The *Indian Herb*, it might produce a Cure
Of all the Relicks that I did endure;
And so I try'd a while, but I may say,
O most unfortunate, unhappy Day,
That I persuaded was to seek my Ease
By that which did my God so much displease!
For whether it did do me good or ill,
Indeed I know not, but affirm I will,
That if my Heart unto it self be known,
And if my Resolutions are my own,
I'd suffer a Disorder thrice as bad,
Before I wou'd a servile Slave be made
To that or any other Earthly thing
That might unto me such a Damage bring.
For we know *Sampson*, when he went to play
With his deceiving, subtle *Dalilah*,
She cut his Locks, and took away his Strength:
With Cords of Sin she bound him, and at length
Did quite put out his Eyes, deprave his Mind,
Put him in Prison, made him for to grind.
And thus in Mystick Sense it was with me:
I thought my self as sure, as safe and free,
When on *Tobacco's* Lap I laid my Head,
As any one that ever with her play'd.

22 *A Looking-Glass for Smoakers.*

For first of all I took it moderately,
A *Pipe* or two for Health, and laid it by;
Perhaps another after, for no end
But only for to gratify a Friend.
A contemplative *Pipe* (if understood)
To help the studious Mind, they say, is good ;
One for to cool my Heat, and 'tis no harm
To take another for to keep me warm.
And thus like loving Friends we play'd together
A Year or two, before we hurt each other,

But at the last it gain'd upon me so,
That I did fear my Friend would prove my Foe :
Then I grew angry, and in heart did chafe,
And almost quite resolv'd to leave it off ;
But e'er my Resolution could be fix'd,
Such thoughts as you shall hear were intermix'd.

But hold, saith *Reason*, or the *Enemy*,
Resolve on nothing over-hastily :
'Tis better far thou nothing undertake,
Than nothing of thy weak Resolves to make,
The *Herb* is good for *Medicine* and *Use* :
Fear not to use it, only fear Abuse.
ut grant *Excess* must needs a Frailty be,
Yet prithee who from some Excess is free ?

And

And since for Pleasure some things God did give,
Be not too timorous, thy Soul shall live.
Behold how many good Men with thee join,
Whose Faith's as good, whose Life's as good as thine;
And therefore since such Company thou hast,
Enjoy thy self, but only make no waste.
But to be brief, when I long time went on
In playing fast and loose, and off and on,
My Mind grew feeble, and my Heart did fail,
And I was took as Prisoner in a Jail;
And then *Tobacco* laid on me its Chains,
Its slavish Sorrows, scorching Heats and Pains,
That seem to those that think upon them well,
A little Image of a burning Hell.

For I could seldom from my Bed rise up,
Nor break my Fast, nor could I dine or sup,
But it was calling; then I must attend:
And if I did but chance to meet my Friend,
The *Pipes* were call'd for, then to work we went,
Till one or two apiece were idly spent.
Then part with that Friend, and strait meet another,
A Neighbour, Kinsman, or an only Brother;
And then the same again, the *Pipe* and *Pot*,
If we could have it, must not be forgot:

24 *A Looking-Glass for Smokers.*

And many an idle Hour and Pound I spent,
Which God, I'm sure, for better Uses lent,
And might have been laid up in his great Store,
For to reward, when time shall be no more.

Nay worser yet, it made me such a Slave,
That when my gracious God unto me gave
A Morning Mercy, I could hardly pay
My thanks unto him, but was call'd away
By base *Tobacco*, which must break my fast,
Be served first, and God be served last;
And many a time Devotion's Wings were clipt,
Because the time by serving it was slipt.

Nay more, if I did travel on the Road
Upon the Service of my Gracious God,
Or secular Business, then my Appetite
Did oftentimes command me to alight,
Perhaps to drink, more oft my Pipe to fire,
To gratify *Tobacco's* base Desire.

But all the forenam'd Mischiefs put together,
And twenty more, they equal not another
That I intend to name, and it is this:
We have a *Conscience*, when we do amiss,

And

And when it is enrag'd, its fearful Cries
Are worse than Peals of Thunder in the Skies ;
But if it speak but Peace, it is the best
That ever lodg'd within a Human Breast ;
And if assisted by a twofold Light,
Its Informations ever more are right.

'Tis this that will not with a Prince dissemble ;
'Twas this that made the mighty *Felix* tremble,
When an Apostle prest upon him home
Blest *Temperance*, and *Judgment* for to come.
This faithful Monitor, that takes account
To what our Actions and our Words amount,
Observing how my Steps to Danger led,
(If not to cast me down among the Dead)
In mild and gentle terms his mind he brake,
And first of all to this effect he spake.

Art thou the Person that so well dost know
The Path thou trodst in twenty Years ago ?
And wilt thou now go seek thy Body's Ease
By that which did thy God so much displease ?
Well, be advis'd (if so thou mean to try)
And be thou sure to use it moderately :
For if thou do not, it will prove thy Sin,
An open Door to let more Mischief in.

Well,

26 *A Looking-Glass for Smokers.*

Well, this I passed o'er with small regard,
 Which made my Heart to grow somewhat more hard ;
 Which Conscience minding, cry'd again more loud,
 Hast thou no fear of an eternal Cloud ?
 Is Smoak so pleasant, that thou venture wilt
 For love thereof to load thee with a Guilt
 That may undo thee ? Dost not know that Sin
 Lies at the Door, and if it enter in,
 Sorrow must follow, or Eternal Shame,
 That hath no end, but ever is the same ?
 Are there not mad and doting men enow
 On this base Herb, but thou must do so too ?
 Dost not observe how (like the *Roman* Beast)
 The World doth wonder at it, or at least
 The greater part of Men ? Dost not espy
 Out of thy Casement, as there passed by
 A young man near her Corner ; how she came
 To kiss, to court, and to decoy the same
 Unto her Bed of Love, where she doth keep
 Him in a wanton, careless, sensual Sleep,
 Till thro his Liver she doth cast a Dart,
 And leaves him for to languish in the smart ?

Here thou mayst see, if thou observe it well,
 A Spark but (as they say) just out o'th' Shell ;

And

And tho he have no Penny for to spare,
But must maintain himself by Work and Care;
Yet courting of his Mistriss with his Pipe,
Or walking in the Fair or Market, like
An antient Smoker with his hoary Hairs,
Who follow'd the Employ for forty Years.
Hard by another in his height of Pride,
With a destroying Weapon by his side;
As learned every way, as if he had
Been put Apprentice to the smoaking Trade:
Yet mark him well, and thou shalt naught espy
In all his Courses, but mere Vanity;
Nothing at all that truly vertuous is,
That he has learned half so well as this.

A third, perhaps of sober Education,
That might have gained Honour in the Nation,
And hopeful was esteem'd, till he began
With his *Tobacco-Pipe* to play the Man:
But since the time he went from Reason's School,
He's so depraved, got so mere a Fool,
Neglects his Trade, and smoaks his Pipe so oft,
That he begins of all men to be scott.
Which dreadful Dance *Tobacco* first began,
And that with wastefulness has help'd it on.

But

28 *A Looking-Glass for Smoakers.*

But not alone doth she decoy the Young
 And simple ones, but vigorous and strong :
 And some whose noble Tempers do disdain
 That base unworthy Loves should o'er them reign,
 Are weak as Women, when they come to try
 Their Strength with this bewitching Vanity :
 And like to men that are quite void of Sense,
 In this they almost lose Intelligence,
 And run a Gallop on in this Career,
 Without considering the Dead are there,
 Or taking note of what I shall them tell ;
 That is, that some within the depths of Hell
 Are lodged, that her Pleasures did approve,
 And lay in her defiling Bed of Love.
 And art resolved in thy latter days
 (That should be spent unto thy Maker's Praise)
 To hang out Colours waving in the Wind,
 To shew a feeble, weak, depraved Mind ?
 Is't not much better stoutly for to stand,
 To pull thy Eye out, or cut off thy Hand,
 To part with ought thy Appetite doth crave,
 Rather than Guilt of Conscience for to have ?

For if to over-love a useful thing,
 A Wife or Husband, doth a Torture bring

Unto

Unto a Mind that truly tender is,
To do against his God a thing amiss ;
How shouldst thou fear for such a foolish end
To lose the Love of such a matchless Friend ?

For if thou set thy self to cast account,
To see to what thy Profits do amount,
If wisely thought on, thou wilt soon espy
That they are lighter far than Vanity :
For is it pleasant ever for to have
A Stomach like to Fire, or the Grave ;
A craving Humour, restless and unquiet,
For a fantastick late devised Diet,
In which we may amongst the rest espy
A new-invented kind of Gluttony ?

Besides this Hunger, there's a dangerous Thirst
That it procureth, and alike accurst
To those that have it ; so that if thy Son
Thou wouldst hereafter have to be undone,
Or weaker in his Fortunes to be made,
'Tis best with speed to teach him this thy Trade,
That like a wasting Canker it may lie
On thee and thine unto Posterity.
But if these Motives all shall prove in vain,
Go drink and smoak, and smoak and drink again,
Until

30 *A Looking-Glass for Smoakers.*

Until thy bulky Carcass be a Prey
Unto the Worms, and at the Judgment-Day
Thy trembling Soul unto the Rocks doth fly,
To hide thee from that dreadful Majesty,
That cannot in the least approve thy Sin,
Those hurtful Courses thou hast lived in.

Thus have I told you here a little part
Of the attending Mischiefs, and the Smart
That I sustained : But the full of all,
The bitter Fruit, the Wormwood and the Gall,
I leave for those to descant further on,
That have been by it nigh or quite undone
In Soul or Body, Children or Estate,
And left to sigh and mourn, and grieve too late.
• And for the present I shall add no more,
But let you know how God did me restore
Out of the House of Bondage, where I lay
To *Satan* and my own Heart's Lusts a Prey.

Then take it thus : When I long time had lain
Under the smart of Conscience, and the Pain
That I sustained, I afflicted was,
And sigh'd and pray'd that I might find Release ;
But still my Habits rivetted so were,
That I in heart was ready to despair,

And

And scarce a Resolution more durst make,
Because before I one or two had broke.

But God Almighty, who doth now and then
Relieve his Servants when their hopes are gone,
Was pleas'd on my Thraldom for to look,
And in his Hand he took a Pruning-hook,
And cut this cursed Sucker from my Tree,
And set me on a sudden wholly free.

More plainly thus : It pleas'd God one night
To bring upon me such a fearful fright
By a surprizing sudden Stroke at one,
That by mere Nature from my Loins did come.
This meeting with the Motives heretofore
Express'd, together with a many more
That then came thronging fresh into my thought,
They such an awe at that time on me wrought,
That tho I durst not bind me with a Vow ;
Yet from the Night I speak of, until now,
That hurtful Herb did ne'er infect my Breath,
Nor shall it, God assisting, to my death,
Except a mere necessity constrain
For want of Health to take the same again.

But O the Freedom, Pleasure, and the Ease
That I sustained, when this foul Disease

I 'had shook off! It was a kind of Life
 From Death's Confines, an end of fearful Strife
 E'twixt my Soul and Body : Civil Wars
 In this respect were ended ; Locks and Bars
 That kept my prison'd Soul, were then broke ope ;
 My Mind was pleasant, sprightly, full of hope :
 I had no shame (as I had had before)
 Because my Neighbours saw me out of door
 Defiling of the wholesom precious Air
 With foreign Fumes ; nor did I greatly fear
 That any one should justly at me scoff,
 When this defiling Branch was lopped off.

I now could rise in quiet from my Bed,
 And feel no scorched Throat, nor aching Head :
 My Mouth was moist, my Lungs could not send forth,
 As heretofore, a noisom stinking Breath :
 I could perform my Dutys to my God,
 Or go about my Business well abroad,
 And nought to hinder : If I chanc'd to light
 In publick Houses, then the other Pipe
 Ne'er caus'd my Landlady to run agen ;
 Nor could Intreaties from the Drinking Men
 If sometimes met withal, procure my Stay,
 When Reason and Religion call'd away.

No, I was set methought, as on a Hill,
To view each Good, and every hurtful Ill,
That to my *Fellow-Smoakers* (left behind)
Accrued unto Body, or to Mind :
And I could hardly find a real Good
To any one of all the Brotherhood,
Excepting only this I'll name ; from some
To God unfeigned Thankfulness did come,
Because a Blessing on it they did find
Unto their Body ; and this made their Mind
In sprightly Praises warble forth his Worth,
That bless'd the Earth, and caus'd it to bring forth
Both Herbs and Plants, and Trees, and every thing
That may his Glory and our Welfare bring.

But O ! methought I pity'd their Estate
That were expos'd to so hard a Fate,
That cheaper Physick could no where be found
Than this, that oft doth make a deeper Wound ;
Because when in a Family 'tis got,
We do but rarely see it rooted out ;
But that it sliely draws from bad to worse,
Till it brings an Hereditary Curse :
Except their Children evidently see
Their Parents use it for Necessity ;

And

And then there is in it no greater harm
Than for to use our Clothes to keep us warm.
And therefore no way can I pass a blame
On those that thus do use it without shame ;
But wish their Thankfulness might still be more,
And that the Lord their Health would quite restore.
But pray them watch, and use it moderately,
Lest they be after fool'd, as once was I.

But when I looked back on all the rest,
I stood amazed, and my self I blest,
To see their countless Numbers : Lord ! thought I,
What Millions, Millions do I here espy :
Here's *Boys and Girls, Men, Women, Old and Young.*
The *Rich, the Poor, the Beautiful, the Strong,*
The *Knight, the Lord, the Earl, the Noble Peer,*
The *Prince and Peasant* all observe we here.
Behold how like to *Worshippers* they stand,
With each a *Burning Censor* in his Hand,
And what a *Cloud of Incense* up doth fly
From every *Nation* to the *blushing Sky.*
But what Acceptance it will have at last,
Will best be known when sliding Time is past.

Among the rest I took a serious view
Of all the *Drinking, Healthing, Damning Crew,*

Who

Who for to cool their scorched *Mouths* and *Tongues*,
A great *Drink-Offering* evermore belongs,
And to whose Retinue and goodly Train
The Scum of all the Earth doth appertain;
As *Tinkers*, *Beggers*, (that so fine can prate)
The *Sturdy Russian* that doth bear the Crate,
The nimble *Fire-man* that the Anvil knocks,
The *Coal* and *Lyme-man*, all must have their Box:
The poor bewitched *Labourer*, and they
That keep their House at Eight-pence by the day,
Must all *Tobacco* have their Lusts to serve,
Altho their Wives and Children almost starve.
For these by lawful means, or else by stealth,
Do most promote the *Smoking Commonwealth*.

The next that I took notice of were them
That we in Charity count *Godly Men*,
Of all Mechanick Trades, and each Employ
That just and lawful are beneath the Sky,
As Noble Tradesmen of Gentility,
The sober Seamen, and the Yeomanry;
And all that do profess by Laws Divine
Above the former Number for to shine:
All these methought I saw with open Eyes,
As busy at th' aforesaid * *Sacrifice*

* To Dagon,

C 2

Almost

36 *A Looking-Glass for Smoakers.*

Almost as any, and in truth I could
Not them distinguish these ways as I would ;
That is, by Temperance in time of Trial,
By constant Watching, and by Self-Denial :
But that a plain Encouragement is given
By their Example, in the sight of Heaven,
For some to drink too much, more oft to stay
To smoak, and waste their precious time away
In idle Courses, and in Games at Chat,
That makes Religion often scoffed at.

For Men grow darker in their Courses, when
They fetch their Light from such professing men.

And grant, O God, that this my poor Essay
May so excuse me at the Judgment-Day,
That all the Evils that I this way did,
May from thy dreadful piercing Eyes be hid ;
And that I may by publishing my Shame
Bring after Glory to thy worthy Name.

But yet methinks I have not fully done
With these my Brethren, but must turn agen,
And query further with them, why they will
Expose themselves and theirs to so much ill
As I have mention'd, and do truly know
They are by smoaking still expos'd unto ?

But

But some methinks I hear to this reply,
That they were ne'er bewitched as was I ;
And therefore need not start, or run away
From this their Liberty, for ought I say,
Or any other Man can further add
To make them in their Practices afraid,
Because they are not yet so deeply gone,
But they can smoak, or let it quite alone.

Well, so it may be yet for ought I know ;
But are you sure it always will be so ?
As valiant men as you are have been foil'd,
Their strongest Resolutions have recoil'd ;
So that those, whom they sometime did contemn,
Have after been observ'd to laugh at them.
This I have known by sad Experience,
And therefore take you warning all from thence :
And if you can do with it, or without,
It is the best and safest way, no doubt,
To do as I my self at last have done,
Go bless your selves, and let it quite alone.

For tho the Lord hath pleas'd hitherto
To keep you free, and not give you up to
The Force and Power of the evil Gusts
Of your frail Nature, or your Heart's own Lusts ;

38 *A Looking-Glass for Smoakers.*

Yet sure I am that you can never tell
That all your latter Days 'twill be so well :
And therefore if for *Health* no need you have,
Then keep your Mony, and your *Vertue* save.

Besides, whether you put your Faith unto
What now I tell you, yet for certain know
You're on the Road that all before you went,
That have had cause so dearly to repent.
For every *Slave* you see has known the Day
He could as much, as confidently say.

And further know, a Habit in this thing
Doth now and then a second Nature bring ;
And what begat it must it satisfy,
Or else the Man must faint, grow sick, and die,
And must in this foul Course still persevere :
His Ear is bor'd, and he's a Slave for ever.

But say your Strength be such, as you can slay
Leviathan, the Master of the Sea ;
Yet are you sure that you can Cordage find
That's strong enough the Monster for to bind,
That so your Maidens at their Pleasure may
Go safely to him for a Game at Play ?

My meaning is, suppose your Strength be such,
That one in fifty hath not nigh so much;
Yet may not your Example so betray
Your Wife, your Son, your Daughter, that they may
Expect to do as you before have done,
Till they are trap'd and catch'd, and half undone,
And made to every sober man a Mock,
And to this Age a perfect laughing Stock?
If therefore you have got the *Indian Itch*,
Tho but a little, lest your Offspring catch
The Mischief from you, purge your self with haste,
Lest it should prove a Leprosy at last,
And from you and your Offspring take the Crown,
And into base Dishonour throw you down.

For have not you an Observation made
How Familys are too too oft betray'd?
That if of all the Kindred you take view,
The most are Masters of the *smoking Crew*.
The *Father*, *Son*, the *Nephew*, and the *Brother*,
The *Loving Sister*, and the antient *Mother*,
And twenty more besides, pursue this Course,
That almost always drives from bad to worse;
Which, if we could but backward take a view,
Had but its rise at first from one or two.

I'll add to this a Fable made me smile,
 That doth concern our famous *English* Isle.
 'Tis said the Devil offer'd here a thing,
 That wou'd unto our Nation Mischief bring ;
 Which we refusing, in a rage he swore
 He'd send *Tobacco*, which should hurt us more,
 Increase our Mischiefs, and among us lie
 A wasting Canker to Posterity.

Take but the Moral, let Tobacco in
 Among your near Relations, or your Kin,
 And I'll ingage that Mischief shall succeed,
 And noisom Vermin in your Houses breed ;
 I mean base Lusts, base Habits, base Excess,
 From which, O Lord, my Offspring do thou bless !

But do not Tradesmen by each other live ?
 And may not Tenants to their Landlords give
 A due Respect, and both be well content
 To please them in the things indifferent ?
 And may not either of them then comply,
 Tho not for Physick, for Society ;
 And take a serious Pipe (as oft you see)
 And yet from Danger still be safe and free ?
 Or 'cause of Custom Tradesmen drink together,
 And when the first Quart's gone must have another ;

May not they then (if that their Stomachs fail)
With good Tobacco sauce their pleasant Ale,
And yet be still as innocent as you
That write this Treatise, or their Practice view?

But is there no man pleasant, seen to smile,
But they that must be smoaking all the while?
Then what did all the former Ages do,
Since this base Vanity they never knew?

But for the *serious Pipe*, if that suffice,
Go take it quickly, haste away, be wise;
Or else I'm almost ready to believe,
That your one Pipe may draw on four or five:
And therefore if the truth be plainly known,
'Tis safer far to let it quite alone.

But by the scope of what you here object,
I have a reason truly to suspect
You fain would have a Licence to exceed
The just and lawful bounds of Nature's need,
And that your Liberty you more do prize
Than to be sober, temperate and wise.
I give you therefore this to understand,
Intemperance in this our sinful Land

Hath two prodigious Pillars of its Strength,
Ale and *Tobacco*, which we find at length
Inchants the Users, steals away their Heart,
And leaves them Wounds and Sorrows, Ach and Smart
And tho Intemperance can stand on either,
It always stands most strong, when both together.
And therefore for them here a Name I'll coin,
Which shall be plainly this, *The Drunkard's Sign*;
Which many a poor and rich Man hath set up,
And painted on the Pipe, the Quart, the Cup.

And yet I would not be misunderstood,
As if I here design'd to blame the Good
And sober men, that do in temperance use
The Liberty that other men abuse.

But must you have a Sauce for to invite
Your Stomach or depraved Appetite,
That you may able be to drink indeed
Thrice more than Nature of it self can need;
And by the use of this intemperate thing
Go dig, as I may say, a new-found Spring,
To waste your Time, and take away your Health,
To stain your Souls, and to impair your Wealth?
If thus it must be, then pursue with haste,
And see the Issue of it at the last.

Well, some of this will take so much regard,
As to reply, In truth you're very hard ;
But we will take (if so it please you may)
Perhaps a Pipe, or two or three a day ;
And that shall be our flint, and when our Cross
We so far bear, we hope there'll be no loss.
Or lest we should in any sense offend
Our God, our Conscience, or our dearest Friend,
We will resolve to leave it off the rather
A week, a fortnight, or a month together ;
And when we keep it so far in subjection,
We hope our Courses need not your Correction.

Well, I the first approve, so that it be
For Health you take it of necessity ;
For then to keep your Appetite in awe
And right subjection unto Nature's Law,
Is most approved Wisdom ; but care take,
Lest on pretence of Health a stinging Snake
Lie not within the Grass. But keep unto
A Pipe or two a day ; and if you know
You gain advantage by it, then you may
Preserve your Course unto your dying Day,
And be in using it still innocent,
And never have occasion to repent.

But

But if you take a greater Quantity,
Its Virtue and its Use will to you die :
For if you get a Habit of Excess,
You'll find its Profits will be still the less,
And at the last go take you what you will,
Its Virtue's lost, it rather tends to kill.

Those therefore that pretend to Moderation,
Except you see it by long Observation,
Ne'er put your credit to it, 'cause they may
Perhaps be temperate at least to day :
But almost all the Smoakers cheat us so,
That how to credit them we do not know,
And can perhaps for more than thirty days
Deny their Appetite to gain them praise.

For I my self at times did use to mix
(Till at the last) these poor fantastick Tricks :
Was in and out, was sometimes off, then on,
Took now abundance, afterward took none ;
Sometimes I joy'd to think the Wars were o'er ;
Sometimes I sunk as low as e'er before ;
Sometimes I mourn'd, and sometimes I pray'd ;
Sometimes I hop'd God heard, sometimes deny'd
To take a note of my Distress, because
I did so foolishly condemn his Laws.

But O what cause have worthles I to raise
A goodly Trophy to my Maker's Praise
That did not at my Course of Folly take
Severe advantage ; but was pleas'd to make
(Of wondrous Mercy) me a Monument,
That I may warn my Fellows to repent.
Methinks I'm come, as from an Earthly Hell,
(As *Dives* wished) that I now may tell
My Brethren where I was, and whence I came,
Lest they themselves should drop into this Flame.

But they have *Moses*, and the Prophets too,
And if they please their Writings they may view ;
Of which if they shall take a Look upon,
And in their hurtful Courses still run on,
I may almost despair that they will heed
What of my good Experience here they read.
But they may say, and think to prove it too,
That *Moses* and the Prophets never knew,
Or spake a word about *Tobacco's* Use,
Or touching that which I do call Abuse.

But can you nothing calculate from thence
To give you warning of Intemperance,
Or of a mystical Idolatry,
That may committed be by you or me ?

Did

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Did not the Prophet dig into the Wall,
And there behold the filthy Idols all,
And saw what Elders in the Darknes did,
Supposing that their Actings had been hid?
And every thing that we do over-prize
May be a kind of Idol in our eyes.

But if that this Discourse you yet shall slight,
Then I appeal unto the precious Light
In each man's Conscience (that is not grown blind)
And let him look therein, and he shall find,
That it will witness unto almost all
That in this whole Discourse peruse he shall,
And strike into his mind a kind of Awe,
If he in this respect hath broke God's Law.

But all this while at Men you strike at here,
But Women are not innocent we fear;
And if they be not, we no reason see
But they should know their Faults as well as we.
Let us not therefore see you partial are,
Give them their blame, if that they be not clear.

Well, so I will, but yet I will not vex
On purpose here the tender Female Sex,

Because

Because a vertuous Woman was my Mother,
And my beloved Spouse she was another :
And for their sakes the rest shall fare the better,
Because to them I was so much a Debtor ;
And 'cause that tho I gave my dearest Wife
An ill Example some part of my Life,
Yet never would a Stain upon her rest,
Because she still with Temperance was blest.

And have not you that now object, been cause
That your Beloved hath broke Nature's Laws ?
And must you from her Eye pull out the Mote,
When you a Beam have in your own Eye got ?
Are you a right Physician, for to cure
Another's Wounds, when such you do endure ?
If so, first cure your self, I mean go mend,
Or never lay a blame upon your Friend.

For my part, on these things I sometimes ponder,
And rather than to blame them, I do wonder,
That in a stained Nation we should see
So many of those lovely Creatures free,
When every House almost has its Infection,
If that we do but make a true Inspection.

And

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And yet when I have said what I can say,
 For to excuse them in an honest way,
 I do believe (if I may credit Fame)
 There's here and there a Woman much to blame,
 That are unto their Sex a kind of Curse,
 (Because Fools think of all the rest the worse)
 Whose Clothes and Beds, and noisom stinking Breath
 Is half enough for to infect the Earth ;
 That were I young, and for to chuse a Wife,
 Some one of these I durst not for my life
 Go venture to espouse, lest she thereby
 Should poison me, and all my Family.

Nor would I venture (if I help it might)
 Upon a subtle smoaking Hypocrite,
 That bears it off so smooth, so sweet and clean,
 That for your life there's nothing to be seen ;
 Yet if you could but watch her all alone,
 When all her Friends and Company are gone,
 You then should see, if you had leave to mark,
 What filthy things she acteth in the dark.

And yet I would not be misunderstood,
 As if those that do take it for their good
 In temperate Measures, when they private be,
 Deserved in the least a Blame from me.

No, it is rather Wisdom ; I approve,
And such a Carriage in them dearly love,
Lest Fools should misconceive them, when they see
Them using but a lawful Liberty.

Thus I have said what I think best to say
To every sort of Persons in my way,
To Men, to Wives, to Widows, Bond and Free :
And now to such as in Virginity
Are yet remaining, I must speak also,
Because that I would have them all to know
I wish their Welfare, and would fain prevent
What might procure their after Detriment.
And tho unto the young Man's Case before
I touch'd a little, I will add some more ;
And therefore come, my Dears, come listen all :
To Boys, to Girls, to lovely Maids I call :
Come hearken every one, let none disdain
To hear me, nor yet let them hear in vain ;
For I am come to tell them, here's a Match
Designed for you ; one intends to catch
Away your best Affections, and to have
You wedded to him only for a Slave.

I know that his Pretences large will be,
And that he'll boast his Noble Pedigree,

D

And

And may be for his Spokesman bring a Lord,
That will upon his Honour pass his word
For confirmation of the Sum of all,
That for your Love he promise to you shall ;
As first of all to mend your frail Condition,
He'll stand you in the stead of a Physician,
And for your Pleasure play you many a Prank,
As doth the subtle fine-tongu'd Mountebank :
He'll cure your Teeth, he'll help your tender Eye ;
He'll mend you of the Gripes, when like to die :
He'll strike you sick, and then he will you tell,
That by that Sicknes he can make you well :
He'll make you drunk, and make your Head run round,
And by that Giddiness he'll make you found :
And forty Pranks besides to ease your Grief,
Which are, till tried, almost past belief.
Besides, he'll raise a young Man's low Estate,
And make him in esteem so fortunate,
That Noble Persons, be they Lord or Knight,
Shall in their Company take great delight,
And may be some Preferment for you gain,
That to your after Profit may remain ;
As some brave Service, or a lovely Wife,
That may promote the Comfort of your Life.
Well, Brags are Brags, but all things are not true
That this Deceiver promiseth to you :

For on substantial grounds I do believe,
Where he cures one, he mischiefs more than five;
And where good Fortunes once are rais'd thereby,
He bringeth four or five to Penury.

But for to be more plain, I pray you lend
A sober Ear to me your loving Friend,
And let not this far-fetched stinking thing
In blooming Years a Thralldom on you bring :
Twill make you little in most good Mens Eyes,
And best of Suiters will you most despise :
Twill make them to suspect what oft proves true,
nd, A smoaking Lads oft proves a Drinker too :
And as for this they will you much contemn,
So I would have you set as light by them.
I mean you that are free ; and if that two
At once of equal Fortune shall you woo,
Refuse the Smoker as a Man unsound,
And worse by more than full one hundred Pound
Than is the other, 'cause that a Disease,
Which he by like for term of Life must please,
Is seized on him, which will make him stink
Into his dying Day : And don't you think
That you had better with less Mony meet
A Husband that is wholsom, clean and sweet,

In whose Embraces you may still delight,
When e'er he breathes upon you, day or night ?

And as this good Advice I give to you,
So I would have you to be cleanly too :
'Twill spoil the Savour of your pleasant Breath ;
Twill mar your Beauty, make you look like Death ;
Twill rot your Ivory Teeth, or turn them brown,
And from your lovely Heads 'twill take the Crown.

Nay, it is known so universally
To be a base disgraceful Vanity,
That tho your Father, Mother, or your Brother,
Are lusty Smoakers, they are loth another
Of their near Kin, a Sister or a Daughter,
Should be bewitch'd like them, and follow after ;
And the same Principle will after rest,
When you have Children in your own dear Breast.

I therefore would request this springing Age
Against this youthful Folly to engage :
It may be profitable for their Health,
And ten to one it doth increase your Wealth.
Give of your Vertues here a noble Trial,
And Opportunity of Self-Denial.

Besides, I this would farther let you know,
If this in Youth you're rivetted unto,
'Tis twenty, nay 'tis forty unto one,
That you for term of Life are wholly gone,
And must be still a servile Gally-Slave,
Your Freedom never more till Death to have.

But if you crush the Cockatrice when small,
Or but within the Egg, with ease he'll fall
Beneath your conquering Hand ; my meaning is,
With greater ease by far subject we this
In Youth, than possibly in Age we can ;
Because I do observe, the antient Man ;
Not one time in a hundred ever may
Forfake this Habit in a vertuous way,
Till Sicknes or till Death bids him give o'er,
Then 'tis no thank, he take it can no more.
If any of you therefore have begun
Within your Fathers hurtful Paths to run,
Take up in time, as yet there may be hope,
And give your Appetite no longer scope :
Because for most part 'tis so great a Curse,
That ever longer, still it is the worse ;
And if no Penitence, then fear I shall,
That after Death it will be worst of all.

The next I have to speak to, will be those
Prodigious Smokers, that of late arose ;
That are not satisfy'd, this Herb to burn,
But to a kind of Food they do it turn.
And therefore at a Loss indeed I am,
To give these Gentlemen a proper Name ;
Except that I should fancy them to be,
As Generals and Colonels we see
Unto an Army ; therefore raised high,
In Fame, in Honour, and in Dignity :
And therefore for their worthy Service they
Must have two Offices and better Pay.

But this I speak the contrary way,
Wishing my Lines so far now shame them may,
That if it be but possible, they will
Do all their best Endeavours, try their Skill,
Of two great dangerous Evils ne'ertheless,
To be so wise as for to choose the less,
And keep to Smoking, because I may say,
It is not quite so rude a stinking way.

This may not spend so much as Chawing doth,
Nor doth it make our Friends or Wives so loth
To feel our Breathings (tho the stink be great)
Nor fear we poison will the Drink or Meat.

Nor

Nor need so careful be to watch the Man,
To mark the side of either Cup or Can,
That his foul tawny Lips have so defil'd,
That some would almost think the Vessel spoil'd.

But since these Men are grown so confident,
That they perhaps don't purpose to repent
Or mend their ways, I do not therefore mind
To spend my Labour further for the Wind ;
But will address my self to such as be
As yet, from this most loathsom Custom free.

And one would think I shou'd not find it hard
To speak to such as these with good regard ;
Especially to those that Neatness love,
And loathsom Messes no way can approve,
And don't we see such Cleanliness in some,
That if they buy a Cherry, Pear or Plumb,
They wash the same before they will it eat,
Altho it smell so pleasant, look so neat ?
But this they take, and value not the Bringers,
Nor thro how many stinking nasty Fingers
Of foreign servile Slaves it passed thro,
Before it was prepar'd for us to chew.
O loathsom Mess of new-invented Meat,
Too bad by far for Swine themselves to eat !

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A further Mark, if that you can but tell
A thing that's foul and loathsome by the smell ;
Would not you think, when that it's close together
In nasty Vessels as they bring it hither,
That by some ill Disaster it had got
A little favour of the Chamber-pot ?

Excuse me, courteous Reader, 'cause that I
Am almost forc'd beneath true Modesty,
That I may Words and Terms convenient find
To clothe the just Conceptions of my Mind,
And that I may afright the after Times,
That they run not into these nasty Crimes.

And next of all a People I do find,
To whom I must a little ease my Mind ;
And they are such as we see do presume
To make of this our Herb a rich Perfume,
Good for the Head, and very excellent
To those that make thereof experiment.

For my part so much must be here confest,
That this I do approve of all the rest :
And if we only took it for our need,
Might for the ends propos'd be good indeed ;

But

But if that it be took unto excess,
It fooleth People not a great deal less
Than doth the smoaking and the chawing way,
That are so much in fashion at this day,

The most therefore that I shall say to this,
Is, that they certainly do much amiss
That do a needles second Nature bring
Upon themselves in this or any thing ;
Because we see when they are habited
To constant Snuffing, it locks up the Head,
And brings more Mischief unto them (for sure)
Than all their far-fetch'd Fumes can ever cure.

But we suspect, for ought we yet have seen,
That these your tart Reprovings are but Spleen :
You have been young, and now are growing old,
Been cold and hot, and hot and very cold.
And since you're made for Mutability,
May be a zealous Smoker e'er you die ;
Or snuff perhaps, or chew, or any thing,
In spite of the Reprovings you do bring ;
Which if we find, we'll bring you home your Book,
That you may there your own Objections look.

Well,

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Well, do and welcome, bring me any thing
That may unto me After-Profit bring :
For when I do my own weak Nature view,
I think my self to be as frail as you ;
And therefore am perhaps no whit the better,
Altho I know my Mercies are the greater.

But tho I have my Fears that I may fall,
It doth not therefore follow that I shall :
That Power that hath retriev'd me twice before,
I trust will keep me, I shall fall no more ;
But give me Grace, and blefs this poor Essay,
That I may never more so from him stray.

But say I should, Is that to be a Rule
That you should after go and play the fool ?
Look not upon my Person altogether,
But look upon my Arguments the rather ;
And they I hope may do you after-good,
If rightly thought on, and well understood.

But that I harbour Gall, or any Spleen
'Gainst any Smoker that I yet have seen,
Or strike directly at a single Man,
I'm sure no Person ever prove it can.

For I do know my Heart is truly clear,
And therefore just Reproving's do not fear.
I do not therefore very greatly care
How vulgar Censures past upon me are.
Let Time demonstrate, and Experience show
Whether the things I say are true or no ;
Which if they be, I shall be justify'd,
Tho for the present me you may deride.

And now I thus have so far spoke unto
Those that do smoke, and snuff and chew. To you,
That as you were born free, still free remain
From the Defilement of a smoaky Stain,
Altho for Health you now and then may be
Constrain'd to take it of necessity.

Come then my new Companions, you that be
Of rich, of poor, or high, or low Degree ;
Come all together to me, take a Walk
With me in these my Musings ; let us talk
A while of that which we have heard and seen,
When we have in our Neighbour's Houses been :
And tho they should o'erhear us, 'tis no matter,
Since what we say is aim'd to make 'em better.

But

But first of all with me this Grace admire,
And let his Love raise our Affections higher,
And make us careful that we never bend
To this, or ought that may our God offend.
Let others Snares make us the Snare to fear ;
Let others Faults make us stand firmer here ;
Let others Loss so be our after-Gain,
That we in Freedom ever may remain :
Yea, let the true Report you hear from me,
Make you and yours for ever careful be.

And hast thou not, O poor Man, often been
In thy next Neighbour's Houses, heard and seen
What fearful Clamours, heavy wording Jars
There happen'd about Tobacco ! Civil Wars
All flaming out amongst 'em, and for why ?
The Woman purposely forgot to buy
A Quarter for him, 'cause her Children cr 'd
Full oft for Bread ; and she hath it deny'd
Unto her pretty Babes, because afraid
She is, the former Score will ne'er be paid.
And dost not thou behold thy Happiness,
And see a great occasion God to bless,
That of his Mercy thou thy self art free
From all the Mischiefs that at next door be ;

And that the Blessings which he brings thee hither,
Thy self, thy Wife, and Children all together,
Can eat in blessed Peace, and all enjoy
The Freedom of thy small Prosperity ?

If I would here go to enumerate
What I have heard, I might sad things relate,
Which Fame has often brought unto my Ears,
Of dismal Oaths and Curses, Cries and Tears,
The Fights and Quarrels, Mischiefs, and the Strife
That fell betwixt the Husband and the Wife,
The Children and the Servants, young and old ;
It might be thought that I had Fables told :
And therefore I will leave you in your Station,
To make of this your further Observation.

Well, but perhaps the smoaking men may say,
He eats less Meat, and drinks less Drink than they
That do not take it. To which I reply,
I know its Nature is to stupify
The Stomach now and then a while, or so ;
Yet by Experience this I well do know,
Nature will have its Satisfaction ;
The Hunger is a Sleep, it is not gone :
And they I'm sure do always cheapest feed,
That eat and drink to serve their Nature's need,

And

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And have no Itch for this new-found-out Diet,
Invented for to keep the Stomach quiet.
But if it take our Appetite away,
I mean to Meat, that drink the more we may,
'Tis part of that great Curse that we do spy
Doth very oft upon the Smokers lie ;
And rest it must upon them till they mend,
Or till to Death it bring them in the end.

And next, O Tradesmen, I desire to know
What Observations (as abroad you go)
You have collected from the Company
With whom you trade, with whom you sell or buy ?
Have not you view'd what Slaves your Neighbours are,
That lie behind you smoking at the Fair
Or Market ? What dark riding in cold Nights
They use to have, what fearful Fears and Frights
Their poor Wives have about 'em, which you see ?
Your self are blessed, being ever free.

And what altho belike they tell you may,
They gain some great advantage by their Stay,
Yet don't believe it on the whole Affair ;
For tho they prosper may that vitious are
Here for a little time, yet Temperance
And true Sobriety shall have Advance

Above

Above the poor Contrivements of all those
That shall her Measures any way oppose ;
And what you gain shall after with you stay,
When theirs shall get on wing, and fly away.
And tho perhaps they plead Diversion
Also in publick Houses, when alone ;
Yet take your Bible with you, let that be
Your sole Companion, when from Business free :
You shall as quiet Sleep take in the night,
And in the morning wake with more delight,
Than if you twenty Pipes had took and more,
To please your Appetite the night before.

And next of all I would inquire of them
That are my Fellow free-born Country-men,
That have Estates, or Farms, or any Imploy,
In Feeding, Breeding, and in Husbandry ;
To see what notice they have took of things,
That to their view our present Subject brings.
But there's no need I more unto them say,
Because I know my self as well as they.
Nay, I may say, I'm sure I better know
Than these that now I speaking am unto.

Because I lately had a dangerous Trial,
Where I was cast for want of Self-Denial,

And

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And burnt i'th' Hand so sorely, that I may
Not it forget unto my dying Day ;
And therefore let my Harms your warning be,
And add unto it what you hear and see,
That you in this respect may fortify
Your Minds against this hurtful Vanity.

And this I'll add, for all my Neighbours good,
And wish it may by them be understood :
If wasting of our useful precious time
In Slothfulness may counted be a Crime ;
This is the worst and most pernicious Foe
That in my life-time I did ever know,
Betraying us (as I have said before)
In human things, and I may add much more
In things Divine ; and if you dare to try,
I know you'll find it true as well as I.

Besides, in every place the spending time
Is not the basest and most hurtful Crime ;
For it brings stupid Sensuality,
Turns Men to Brutes, and makes their Vertues die,
Or wither at the least : And hence a Cloud
'Twixt Heaven-born Souls, and their most gracious God
Ensueth ; therefore were it lawful here
To hate a thing that no way guilty were,

I

I this could hate ; but that I dare not do,
Because it was not it (I well do know)
But the ill use that I made of the same,
That wrought me so much Misery and Shame.

But if a thing that hath no good at all,
Except in cases merely Physical,
Or in extreme Emergencies, as we
Eat almost any thing that we can see,
If Hunger pinch us : If, I say, we see
Such Danger in it when in Health we be,
Flee from it then, as from a Serpent's Sting,
Because it is so poisonous a thing.

But if you think in this I poetize,
Or in the Charge of Poison tell you Lies,
Then if you have a Dog condemn'd to die,
Go take some Oil prepar'd by Chymistry,
I mean extracted from the Quintessence
And utmost Venom which they draw from thence,
And give him some few Drops, and to the Earth
He soon will fall, and so give up his Breath ;
And if you took the same, you may expect
It would upon you have the same effect.

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This thing consider'd, I'll resolve it quick,
Excepting almost all the World be sick,
Or needeth Poison Poison to expel,
Their Actings certainly are far from well ;
Which shews their Soul hath got a worse Disease
Than hath their Body, which they this way please.

And as to you my good Advice is free,
That you would in your Persons careful be ;
So of your Servants take an equal care,
And hire you none of those that Smokers are ;
For I have known, and you have heard it too,
What heavy Burnings there have happen'd thro'
This cursed Practice ; for mine Eyes with pity
Beheld two dreadful Fires within that City
That I dwell near unto ; and almost all
Conclude that one or both of them did fall
By careless smoking, for no other way
Could be found out unto this very Day.

Besides, I'll one thing add that may incline
You for to take this good Advice of mine,
And leave it off, and thereby you will find
Good to your Purse, and Quiet to your Mind :
For if that you resolve you none will take,
Nor for the Smokers Preparation make,

They

They will not long within your Walls abide,
Because they will be sorely terrify'd
With this new-coined Hunger, that away
They must be gone, altho you court their Stay
With Meat, or Drink, or finest Complement :
They must away, they cannot be content.
And when they thus have try'd a time or two,
They will be sure to have a care of you,
Left if they hap to tarry for a night,
They should be lost, and starv'd, and clam'd outright.

And if that after you can be so wise,
As give the Poor what these men do despise ;
I mean extend your real Charity
To those that you see in necessity :
What you expended have another way,
May be your Comfort on your dying Day.

And if to ought that I have said before
It may be possible to add some more,
To gain a Credence in you, that there is
Almost a fatal Danger lies in this ;
I do believe, that if on any thing
That Providence doth hither to us bring,
A Curse remaineth, (to most part of Men)
This curst is, as sure as curst were them

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That eat the lustful Quails, when thousands fell
In Wrath within the Camp of *Israel*.

For mark, I pray you, but the consequence
That for the most part doth arise from thence ;
Smoke helps on Drink, and Drink, as did the Quails,
Doth help to fill with Gusts weak Nature's Sails.
High Diet also, if it got can be,
Doth make the two before compleatly three ;
These three together nourish Lust and Sloth,
Which as a Canker, or an eating Moth,
Destroys our Vertues, and true Comfort spoils ;
Yea lays us open to the Devil's Wiles ;
Feeds up our Bodys, and destroys our Health ;
Cuts sometimes short our Lives, more oft our Wealth ;
Brings Gouts and Surfeits, Apoplectick Fits ;
Impairs our Reason, stupifys our Wits ;
And forty Mischiefs more that you may view,
And sad Experience daily findeth true ;
For which things sake we must expect the Rod,
Or else the Wrath of a revenging God.

Now if we find this true in this our Nation,
We'll take up for them here a Lamentation,
And say to every one that passeth by,
Come stay and wonder, Cry ye out, and cry,

They

They drunken are, but not with Wine (I think);
They stagger, but 'tis not with strongest Drink.
A kind of Judgment on them now we see,
In which the Prophets and the People be
Almost alike concern'd, the Prophets, and
Some of the Rulers of this sinful Land :
Their Eyes in this respect so closed are,
That some will never fully see, we fear.

Else why should the intemperate Abuse
Of this great Vanity so much in use,
Be so much wink'd at by the publick Prefs ?
And why do Preachers touch at nothing less ?
But that so many have their guilty Fears,
And have pursu'd this Course so many Years,
That if they should correct the Kingdom's Sin,
Their Conscience to reprove them would begin.

For truth it is, we do so often see
Our Shepherds, which should our Examples be,
(In this respect at least) so unconcern'd,
That from some of them we this Folly learn'd.
Why do they not so warn their precious Sheep,
That they God's Sabbaths better far may keep
Than we observe they do? Who, when they fed
A while before have been with Heavenly Bread,

We see them so far from their Studies gone,
(Which they like the clean Beasts should chew upon)
As if their Pipes, Tobacco, and their Fire,
Were almost all the bent of their Desire:
And then as busy we observe them may,
As when a Farmer's hasting to the Hay;
In which respect I oft have guilty been,
Which makes me beg, O Lord, forgive my Sin!

For my part, when I muse upon these things,
Unto my Memory it forthwith brings
The sad Enquiry of our cloudy Day,
What is the reason of the sad Decay
Of Piety? And some say that, some this.
But if I do not take my aim amiss,
This Vanity I treat of here is one,
Tho never, as I heard of, hit upon:
And I believe, if good men would forgo 't,
This present Age would much the better know't,
By feeling of reviving living Springs,
That now are wanting from the King of Kings.

For how can we do any thing the less
Than to expect to feel a Barrenness,
Or withering of our Vertues, if on trial
We shall forgo our daily Self-Denial? §

And hardly in a thing that I do know
Do Christian Men their Dutys so forgo,
Or are so lax and careless as we see
They too too often in their Smoaking be.
As if they had forgot the thing call'd Sin,
Or had obtain'd a License to live in
The utmost fiery Height and mad Career,
That Mortals possibly may reach to here.
And by experience this I further know,
That when in any thing we sinful grow,
It is not the Almighty's usual way
Both for to threat and punish the same Day ;
But first he checks, and warns, and doth reprove,
And sometimes mingles Wooings of his Love,
For to reclaim us, when that we begin
To get the Habit of a little Sin.

But if these gentle Strivings don't reclaim
Us from our Follies, but are spent in vain ;
Then Lust gets rooting, and curs'd Sin conceives,
Steals our rich Fruit, and leaves us nought but Leaves ;
Which, when an Autumn comes, will wither too,
Unless God's Grace in time our Souls renew.

And further I observe, as I have said,
That God's great Anger is a while delay'd,

After his Children do him so provoke,
 That nothing shall excuse them but a Stroke
 At them, or at their Offspring, as we see
 In *Israel's* and in *Ahab's* case to be.

For so it was, when *Israel* did offend
 Their gracious God, he punish'd in the end ;
 Yet for a while at *Moses* Intercession,
 He stay'd the Punishment of their Transgression :
 For God was pleas'd to say to *Moses*, Go,
 And lead them on ; yet this for certain know,
 That at the time to visit I begin,
 I will for this avenge me of their Sin.
 So in the case of *Ahab*, when his Sin
 Had by a Prophet so reprov'd been,
 That he repented, mourn'd, in Sackloth lay,
 And softly went in sorrow day by day,
 God bid the Prophet mark his Lamentation,
 And said that he would spare him and the Nation ;
 And that the threaten'd Evil should not come,
 Till he himself by Death was called home ;
 But in his Son's Days it should then alight,
 By his Appointment that doth all things right.

The Substance then of what you have in view
 Within the compass of a Page or two,

Amounts

Amounts to thus much, for to let you know,
That tho God's Judgments oftentimes are slow ;
Yet if we fall into a crying Sin,
Or any cursed Habit shall let in :
If gentle Wooings will not us reclaim,
His after-Judgments shall avenge the same
On us or ours, altho that our intent
Be, as was *Ahab's*, truly to repent.

Be careful therefore, you that yet are clear
From the Defilings that I speak of here,
And keep you clean, and your young Offspring which
You have, or shall beget, that so this Itch
Ne'er stick upon you, lest you should lament
Your Fate, when 'tis too late for to repent.

But some perhaps will little from this learn,
Because they think it little doth concern
Them, 'cause an Offspring they themselves have none,
Nor do they e'er intend to seek for one :
And therefore since that God doth here them crown
With Fame, with Wealth, with Honour and Renown,
They'l not deny themselves of any Good
That from Tobacco, Physick, or from Food,
Can here be had, because that they do lie
As unconcerned for Posterity.

But

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But say your Case be such, I'll say, what then ?
 Our Nation wants Examples from such men,
 That may themselves deny in time of trial,
 On the account of godly Self-Denial :
 For Vertue is most clearly seen in those
 That in the midst of Fulness do oppose
 Their Inclinations, or their Appetite,
 In this poor Case, in which they most delight,
 Or any other, in which they may shew
 A vertuous Principle in all they do.

For put the Case a Town were altogether,
 And should agree to go they knew not whither ;
 Would it not in all sober men cause Laughter,
 To see you take your Horse, and gallop after ?
 Observe your Vertue then, and Health, much more
 Than all those wild Examples heretofore
 Expressed, and be you to them a Light
 Throout your days in all the World's wide sight ;
 And I'll engage that Comfort you'll enjoy
 In time of Life, or when you come to dy.

But passing this, I wish this rising Age,
 Which now or after shall ascend the Stage
 Of Manhood, that they would still careful be
 Of the deceiving subtle Treachery

Of them that shall attempt for to decoy
You for to touch, or taste, or cast an eye
Upon the Pleasures and the Honours too,
That they will tell you ever doth accrue
To those that once by Diligence are made
Compleatly Masters of the smoking Trade ;
For they are Hellish Cheats for to betray
The greatest part of men to Mischief's way.

But still methinks I hear some Carper say,
Come stop your Pen, and hold a little pray.
You have not spar'd your pains, we plainly see,
To prove that most of Smokers guilty be :
And we confess that all that do it take,
Do not the best of Uses of it make ;
And therefore if 'twill make you be content,
We'll almost grant you all your Argument.
But might not you have spent your time much better,
Since there are Crimes more hurtful, and much greater,
Super-abounding almost every where,
Which soundeth daily to our tender Ear ;
As Gluttony and basest Drunkenness,
Yea lawless Lustings habit to excess ?
And if you must be writing here a Book,
Let small Faults pass, and on the greater look.

But

But are you sure that Smoaking will amount
To less than these, when God with Men shall count ?
I mean such Smoaking as we have of late,
That doth our Age so much infatuate.
If so, you're sure of more, I see, than I
Shall e'er be certain of until I die :
For tho I would not palliate a Sin,
For all the World, that any one lives in,
Nor be an Advocate for those base Crimes
That are so much in fashion in these Times ;
Yet I profess to me a question 'tis,
Whether will prove the greater, those or this :
Because to eat and drink, and Clothes to wear,
And love a Woman, all grant lawful are,
And grafted in us by a Sovereign Tie,
Which never can be broke until we die.
If therefore we shall run into excess
In any one of these, the Sin is less
Than if th' Almighty in his prime Intent
The constant use of these had never lent.

But this Tobacco is so far from all
The Inclinations we call natural,
That Nature fights against it as a Foe,
That was design'd her Laws to overthrow ;

So that except we force our Inclination,
Because like other men we'll be in fashion,
It is impossible that we should know
A man in this respect intemperate grow.

But when that men do break their Nature's Law,
And not of God or Conscience stand in awe,
'Tis just that they should lose his good Protection,
And be deliver'd up to vile Affection.

And so we see it proves by this Desire :
There's rais'd in Nature such a lawless Fire,
That nothing burns with such a furious Heat.
For why ! the Smoker can forgo his Meat,
Or Drink, or pawn his Clothes, or any thing,
To satisfy the Hunger it doth bring.

So that it is, as if his very Life
Lay bleeding at the Stake ; his trembling Wife
Could not have greater Fears, if she did know
Both him and his would have an Overthrow,
Than she doth doubt the Man will quite go mad,
Except Tobacco quickly can be had.
You therefore may account it, if you please,
To be a deadly furious strong Disease,

That

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That seldom or that rarely can be cur'd,
But must be fed, and so be still endur'd.

Nay, in depraved Nature it doth prove
Beyond the strong attracting Powers of Love :
So that the question we no more will bring,
Whether that Wine, or Women, or the King
Are strongest ; since Tobacco we may call
A thing most strong, and best belov'd of all.

If therefore on this new-found Vanity
We fix our thoughts, we therein may espy
A Combination of those Evils vile
That you your self condemned e'er the while :
For Pride is often in it, that we see
The Noble Spark must in the fashion be ;
And Gluttony (as I did hint before)
And Drunkenness still lieth at the door.

But here I pray you misconceive me not,
Nor on my Reputation cast a blot,
Since there is nought in this Discourse at all,
But for to shew you how unnatural
A Fire is here into our Nation hurl'd,
As if it was design'd to burn the World ;

And

And not to palliate an evil thing,
Altho I might behold it in a King.

Well, you have laid on poor Tobacco more
Than she was ever charged with before ;
It therefore doth almost our Patience break
To hear the cruel things that you here speak,
As if that Soul and Body, and Estate
Were almost all at spoil by taking that.
But we can prove that they that ne'er it took,
The ways of Vertue often have forsook.
We think it then would not be much amiss
Before we part, that you would answer this ;
Which if you can unto our good content,
We'll leave it off, and cease our Argument.

Well then, on this condition I will make
A trial for to cure your weak Mistake.
I never said, Tobacco all alone
Procur'd those Mischiefs we have talked on ;
For 'tis no more but Spurs unto a Jade,
By which the Beast is far the swifter made :
So they with greater speed do gallop on
That Drink and Smoak, than they that Drink alone ;
Their Wealth consumes the faster, and they lie
More open to Decay and Misery :

In

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In the things Human and in things Divine
It doth us mischief, and consumes our time
The more and faster. But I well do know,
Those that ne'er took it are expos'd unto
Temptation, and to Danger many ways,
To Body also, and to Soul Decays.
But he's a Madman that doth know he's weak,
And yet must run a Race, if he will take
A Burden on his Back : Then have you care,
The Load is great, the Loss none can repair.

But as to this your Charge of Cruelty,
It is unjust : 'Tis you would have it die ;
I am for saving it you may discern :
'Tis you in cruel Love wou'd have it burn ;
Yea eat its Flesh, and into Powder grind
His very Bones, that you may thereby find
A precious Dust that from its Ashes comes,
The great Ingredient of your Snuff Perfumes.

Thus I have fetch'd the Smoker so about,
That he is almost tired quite, I doubt,
By shifting up and down from Place to Place,
To find a shelter for him in this case ;
But all in vain, my Verse pursues so fast,
It rends his Veils, and leaves him bare at last ;

And

And which way he will take I do not know,
Except to mend, or else quite angry grow ;
Because my Verse hath done so much despight
Unto his *Dalilah*, his Heart's Delight,
His dearest Mifs that rules his very Heart,
With whom till Death he never means to part.

Well, let him keep her, for I hope that I
Shall never rob him of her till I die :
He need not have of me a jealous thought,
Because I well do know her Nature's naught ;
And if that this that here I to him say
Will not prevail to put her quite away,
Then let them clip and kiss, and hug each other,
Till they in their Embraces die together.
And as for those that are so wrought upon
By these my Lines, that they in heart are one
With me in Principle, and fain would know
How they may be the same in Practice too,
A few Directions I to these intend,
And so unto my Book I'll put an end.

And first I would have all such to believe
God's Grace is strong enough, if they receive
It not in vain, with speed and ease to bring
A crucifying Death upon this thing,

Without the helps of Swearing, Oaths, and such
Defiling Stuff that Mortals use too much.

For Love can do it, Soul-inflaming Love,
That cometh from our Blessed God above :
When this moves in us, and the same we feel,
It melts the Adamantine Heart of Steel.
Our Lusts, like Cowards, run their Heads to hide ;
'Tis not Tobacco, nor our innate Pride,
Can stand before the plain Discoveries
Of Christ his Love, that shineth in our Eyes :
For then we can with *Ephraim* boldly say,
Be gone, ye Idols, get you quite away ;
There's greater work before us, we must 'tend
The Pleasure of our everlasting Friend.

But 'cause these Joys are felt but now and then
By best of Christians, we oft sink again
Beneath our Noble thoughts ; and then comes Fear,
With which God doth in Love oft smite us here :
And this can do the thing of which we speak,
Break all our Pipes, and make Tobacco quake.
For if your Conscience had but seized been
With close Convictions for this single Sin,
And seconded with Fears lest he would take
His Holy Spirit from you, 'cause you make

An Idol of a Trifle ; what would you
Then give, that you his Face in Peace might view ?

I know you'd sacrifice this cursed Lust,
And put your Mouth into the very Dust,
If so there might be hope, and trembling cry,
For Jesus sake condemn me not to die :
Lord send me not unto the burning Pit,
The Gulph of Wrath, for my base Love of it ;
Which if thou shalt, I justify thee must,
And say, In this respect thy Judgment's just.
Think much on these things, and join to them Pray'r
And true Repentance, and then ne'er despair ;
Tobacco's strongest Hold shall storm'd be,
And you from all those heavy Chains set free.
And if that ought in a collateral way
In this poor little case assist thee may,
Add manly Resolutions ; say, My Soul,
It is below thee thus to play the fool :
Consider, thou hast marked now and then
The Resolutions of a carnal Man,
That in his Passion, Humour, or his Pride,
Threw his Tobacco-Box and Pipes aside,
And scorn'd to touch them more, because that he
Would Master of his own Resolvings be.

And shall a sober Man be sent to School,
To learn his Duty from this hair-brain'd Fool?
For shame let such a thing ne'er spoken be,
Fix no Resolves, but be as stout as he:
For this was my case, I ne'er made a Vow,
And so on that account could take it now;
But I forsook it on a better ground,
Which by God's help I hope shall prove so sound,
That tho my Friends and Foes should all combine
For to betray this feeble Heart of mine,
I trust an unseen Power will me support,
That all their Temptings should but make me sport.
And yet God knows I speak not this in Pride,
Or others Weakness this way to deride.

Well, but to turn to what I am about,
And tell the whole of all my Story out.
For those that leaving are this thing indeed,
You must of what I say take special heed;
That is, set watch upon your Appetite
In Eating and in Drinking, day and night:
For Gluttony and basest Drunkenness
(As a Physician) always calls for this
To help the Stomach to digest the Meal,
Or season it, when over-press'd with Ale.

Nay more than this I say, you sober Men,
That scorn to drink to Drunkenness, yet when
You hap to drink a Glass too much, or so,
You'll find your Inclination more to go
After this Smoaking Humour by that means,
Than it will do at twenty other times ;
And therefore you must watch in every thing
That this way may Temptation to you bring ;
And as I said, add Pray'r that God wou'd so
Assist and keep you wherefoe'er you go,
And let his Fear bear sway within your Mind ;
And you will quickly by experience find
Tobacco is a baffled conquer'd Foe,
And you may make a Triumph of it so,
As bear't about you ; yea, and with delight
Behold another smoak it in your sight,
Because that by reflection you will see
Your Happiness in his great Slavery.

For this was my Course for a month together,
I always chose to take it with me whither
My Business led me ; and did that way find
By far a less Temptation to my Mind
Than when that I had none, nor none could get,
If so indeed I had desired it.

But when I saw its Power was almost dead,
And my frail Nature better habited,
I threw it from me, and as I may say,
A kind of Conquest made this other way.

But men perhaps may differ in these cases
As much in Tempers as they do in Faces ;
And that which I found to be quite the best,
Another may not like of in the least ;
But may approve the rather for to try
To lessen by degrees the Quantity,
And so abate his Pipes by one and one,
Until at last he bring them unto none.

Well, take your Course, and do the Conquest get,
And then which way it comes I matter not :
God grant you good Success, that so you may
Live in blest Peace unto your dying Day.

But I must add, to what I said before
About my leaving off, a little more ;
It may perhaps sometime as useful be
To you, as then I found it was to me :
And that is this (as I did say before)
I durst not promise I would take no more

Of this our Smoak ; yet I my self did bind
By a most firm Resolve within my Mind,
That if I ever took Tobacco more,
My own Inclinations should first ope the Door :
But that no mortal Man e'er tempt me should,
Tho it should be with Silver or with Gold,
Or Smiles or Frowns ; yet I would venture all,
E'er I would sink into my former Thrall
For others Pleasures. And who e'er you be
That take Tobacco, learn you this from me :
Let them be Lord, or Earl, or Noble Knight,
Or dearer Friends, in whom you more delight,
That shall attempt to bring you into thrall,
With sober boldness you may tell them all
You have forsook it, and do not intend
(Except for Health) to take it to your end.

But if they troublesom begin to grow,
Be bold in plainest Terms to let them know,
They may almost go tempt a Ghost as well,
As you to humour them, to tast or smell ;
And when they see in this you stable are,
They'l no more try to catch you in the Snare.

And furthermore I charge you to take care
Of merry Meetings, Markets, and the Fair,

88 *A Looking-Glass for Smoakers,*

Of Wakes and Races, and the jolly Crew,
 Who to be temperate yet never knew :
 For these are Days that cause your Weakness more
 Than you shall find it in a month before.
 I say be watchful ; for this *Indian* Witch
 Is always present here, she'll strive to catch
 Away your Heart, and there's enow,
 That for your Love unto her will you woo.

But if you can this Mystery acquire,
 As to your self you can your self retire ;
 Then if you hap to be your Neighbour's Guest,
 You may be all alone, tho at a Feast ;
 Enjoying that Content and Ease of Mind
 That those that with you feed shall never find.
 And as you must take care of Persons, Places,
 So must you careful be of Inclinations :
 For if you are inclin'd to Company,
 Or one of Constitution hot and dry,
 Or us'd to sit too long at Ale or Wine,
 Then this I'll tell you is a certain sign,
 Tobacco is a kind of Poison to
 Your Health and Vertue, and will heat you so,
 That all thy pleasant Liquor shall not cool,
 Till it has made of thee a very Fool,

But

But what Direction have you (we wou'd know)
To those that once before you spoke unto,
That have a second Nature habited
So fast within them, and so rivetted,
That it can ne'er be loos'd? For they have try'd,
Till for their Boldness they had like to've dy'd:
And these like well enough of this your Book,
Altho by them your Counsel can't be took.

Why trust me, I know scarcely what to say,
From whence a Comfort rise unto them may,
Because they fought Tobacco in the Field,
Till they were weak, and faint, and forc'd to yield,
Cry'd out for Quarter, beg'd their Life he'd save,
And promis'd each would to him be a Slave.
And therefore all I think that they can do,
Is, fight the Goaler, hate his Prison too,
Gingle their Chains to every Passer by,
That no unwary Walker come too nigh;
Lest this great Tyrant hold upon them lay,
And fix them in as bad a plight as they.

But for to be more serious and more plain,
If any Comfort these may yet attain,
It must proceed from daily Self-Denial,
And stout resisting every smoaking Trial;

90 *A Looking-Glass for Smokers.*

I mean that they may always keep it under,
Altho till Death they never part asunder,
Give God the Glory, to themselves take shame,
Because they foolishly have chang'd the Frame
Of Nature, which would have been well content
Without the Curse of this Experiment.

And add to this a Care for to advise
Their Children and their Friends to be more wise ;
And which is best, an application make
To him that died for poor Sinners sake.

I'll add to this what I have often thought :
Our wise Creator (who hath all things wrought)
In Wisdom did the whole of all foresee,
That would succeed to all Eternity,
And knew the Nature, Virtue, and the Use
Of this same Herb which men so much abuse ;
And therefore pleas'd was for Human Good
To give us warning (if well understood)
At the first taking what should be th' Event,
If we abuse the End for which 'twas sent.

For first it drunk doth make Humanity,
Which is a sensual base Stupidity ;

And

And by th' Event it plainly doth appear,
That most do drink too hard that take it here,
And he that's drunk's with Liquor overcome ;
And it appears for most part so are them
That take Tobacco, tho it be in sport :
They too too do oft pay full dearly for't.
So he that's drunk doth not know what he doth,
So he that takes Tobacco would be loth
For almost any good a Pipe to take,
If they did weigh the work it us'd to make
With its Admirers ; how it steals their Heart,
Before that it and they can fully part.

And this I do believe, that scarce there is
One of a hundred, but in truth he is
Sick of this Humour, thinking they are blest
That never took it, wishing all the rest
Related to him ne'er enslav'd may be
As he himself is, but be ever free.
Thus you see after-Sickness comes from thence,
So are they sick too of the vain Expence
That follows thereupon : They see too late
Their miserable sad enslav'd Estate ;
And sick they are of that too, but their Chain
Is oft too strong for to be broke again,

And

And now I pray the Reader to excuse
The Satyrs and the Comicks that I use,
The last of which I here have strew'd among,
Chiefly that I may gratify the young
And tender Reader, lest he run away
Before he hear the whole of what I say,
Which if well thought on, and well understood,
May be a Medium to his after-Good.

And for my Satyrs, observe now and then,
When I Tobacco strike, I mean the Men.
I know the Herb did ne'er a Fault commit,
The Mischief is our base abuse of it ;
And therefore if that any one shall set
Themselves to prove that I have took a Pet
Against Tobacco, I affirm they lie,
I'll only fear my Weakness till I die ;
Or if that Wine I find I cannot bear,
If I would drink it, I a Madman were,
Or little better. But let it alone,
In it or me a Fault there can be none.
So in Tobacco (as I once did hint)
'Tis very good, no harm at all there's in't :
The Mischief is, that Men do use it for
Those ends that the Almighty doth abhor ;

That

That is, to feed their Lusts, and gratify
What by a Self-Denial ought to die :
And if that they will give their Lusts the rein,
The Curse and Mischief that does appertain
Unto their Folly, must upon them lie,
Till they repent, or mend, or till they die.
And what will follow after they must bear,
Just as their Actings good or evil were.

Well now I find I'm gotten near to Land,
I'll cast an Anchor, make my Ship to stand ;
I'll stop my Pen, and make a sudden stay,
Because in truth I have no more to say,
Except that I should talk Philosophy,
Or tell its Uses in Chirurgery,
Or what great Planet rules it, 'cause so sad
Effect it hath, and makes the World so mad.
But I'll leave this unto our Men of Art,
Begging of God with all my very heart,
That I may study better things to know,
And never may know more on't than I do,
Nor none of mine : and if my Labours here
May but be blest to keep my Offspring clear,
I shall account it as a happy sign
Of his approving this poor Work of mine.

And

And if (as *Jonadab* he did enjoin
His Offspring that they ne'er should taste of Wine)
I do it command my Children for to give
Me so much Honour, whilst that here they live,
As never take Tobacco, if it be
Not in the case of great necessity,
I here would do it : But my Mind by this
They both may know, and when they do amiss ;
Which if they shall, I know they'l after find
What I have said stick close unto their Mind,
And every Fault will worse be in commission
Than those that never had such Admonition.

Advertise-

Advertisement.

SO, Reader, fare thee well ; if this may be
An acceptable Service unto thee,
I have a Treatise by me of more worth,
That my more sprightly Years have teemed forth,
To greet my Friends withal ; and it will be
Perhaps almost as great a Novelty
As this that thou hast read, and of more use,
Except thy Folly turn it to abuse.
It is no Poem, neither wanting is
Of Poesy at least as good as this :
It is no old, new controverted thing
To vex the World withal, that I shall bring :
It is not Law, nor yet Philosophy,
Nor may it well be call'd Divinity ;
But 'tis compos'd both of that and this,
Of Fire, and Air, and Water, Flesh and Fish ;
I mean a mixture of each useful thing,
That to a pious Reader good may bring.
But if this Age, that is so finify'd,
So fraught with Wit, with Folly, and with Pride,
Shall throw my present Poem slightly by,
As scarcely worthy of a wise Man's eye,
Or at my free Reprovings fret and rage,
I'll leave't behind me for another Age ;
And therefore just as this shall pleasing be,
The other also you perhaps may see.

A SONG on TOBACCO.

I.

YOU that have took a view
 Of my small Poem,
 And know the things are true,
 As I declare 'em,
 Your pleasant Fancies bring,
 And you shall hear me sing
 Of the beloved thing,
Noble Tobacco.

II.

He rose like *Mahomet*,
 Base and obscurely ;
 But soon the Friends he got
 Lov'd him so truly,
 They rais'd a Royal Throne,
 And in State set him on,
 And then they call'd him *Don*
Noble Tobacco.

III.

III.

Then he about him call'd
All his Attendants,
Throout the whole wide World,
Landlords and Tenants :
Seamen and Soldiers bold,
Men, Women, Young and Old,
Promis'd that they serve would
Noble Tobacco.

IV.

Crowned Heads love him now,
Nobles and Judges
In Honour to him bow,
Some are his Drudges :
They dare scarce once deny
The Importunity
Of his Great Majesty,
Noble Tobacco.

V.

But when the Tyrant saw
He was inflated
On his Throne by a Law,
As is related,

G

He

He such Court-pranks did play,
 And his Friends so betray,
 That they now call him may

Cursed Tobacco.

VI.

For he no Pity shews,
 Where he gets Power,
 Cheats us with fairest Shews,
 When to devour
 His plain intention is:
 He betrays with a Kiss
 The surest Friends of this

Cursed Tobacco.

VII.

To those that love him best
 He shews least Favour,
 Plagues them of all the rest
 With hardest Labour,
 Makes them tug at the Oar,
 Kills the Rich, starves the Poor,
 Makes them cry o'er and o'er,

Cursed Tobacco.

VIII.

VIII.

He always most delights
In poor mens Houses,
Stirreth up Fears and Frights
'Twixt dearest Spouses:
He raiseth Civil Wars,
And heavy wording Jars,
Which their true Comfort mars:
Cursed Tobacco.

IX.

Where modest Temperance
Is most delighted,
He oft-times gets from thence,
As one afrighted.
But where much Wine we spy,
Or basest Gluttony,
There he delights to lie:
Cursed Tobacco.

X.

Gray Hairs he honours not,
Virgins deflowreth,
Kills oft the drinking Sot,
Yet there's few learneth

To stand by others Falls,
But straight run when he calls,
Like Oxen to the Stalls.

Cursed Tobacco.

XI.

He lies in nasty Cells
With Beggars sporting,
Fills them with loathsom Smells
As they lie courting.
Worst of Men love him best,
Tho by him most oppressd,
Which makes them cry at last,

Cursed Tobacco.

XII.

Good, wise, and sober Men
He too imployeth,
And by the means of them
Others decoyeth,
Who else had ne'er been took
By Angle, Line or Hook,
Nor Vertues ways forsook,

Cursed Tobacco,

XIII.

XIII.

Then let the Noble Youth
In this our Nation,
Shew us some better Fruit
Each in his Station.
'Twill be their great Renown,
And to them as a Crown,
To help for to pull down
Cursed Tobacco.

SONG the 2d on TOBACCO.

OF all the Vanities
That mortal Creatures ever knew,
There's nothing open lies
More plain and clear to human view,
Than is the thing
On which we sing,
Which we Tobacco call,
Which often is
So us'd amiss,
'Tis many a good Man's Fall.

It kindles in vain Man
A new-rai'd lawless hurtful Fire,
That no strong Liquors can
Abate their furious strong Desire :
 Its Fumes are strong,
 And last so long,
That most men do it crave,
 Are fully bent
 To its content,
Till they drop in the Grave.

Where e'er we see this Sign
Hang'd out almost at any door,
We thereby may divine
The Man within is growing poor,
 If not in Health,
 At least in Wealth,
Or else a worser thing:
 His Soul decays
 In Vertue's ways,
And lies a withering.

Let dearest Friends complain
Of this our hurtful base Excess,
We hear their Moans in vain,
And prosecute our Course no less ;

Altho

Altho we know
The thing is so,
As they themselves declare,
Most venture on
Till Life be gone,
And take no further care.

Altho we do descry
The hurtful Locusts of the Pit
Within this Smoak do fly ;
Yet they their Poison matter not,
They venture will,
Sting, hurt or kill,
'Tis all alike to them :
They are involy'd,
And so resolv'd
Best Counsel to contemn.

Tho they do plainly see
What mischief riseth every day
To those that flaved be
Within this hurtful smoaking way,
They do not grieve,
Nor yet believe

'Twill

'Twill be their case at last :

They taste their Gall,

And venture all

Till Life and Time be past.

Then haste you fast away,

For *Sodom* must consume at last ;

Throw down your Pipes, and pray,

That God would pardon what is past.

Go and advance

By Temperance

The Honour you have lost :

'Twill be your gain,

And so remain

Till your short days be past.



F I N I S.

